THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER:
AND
West of England Miscellany.

NO. V.] MONDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1823. [VOL. VII.—N.S.

A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

(Continued from Page 66.)

Cincolo went to open the door with the air of a man who thinks himself ill used at being interrupted in his discourse, and is disposed to be angry with the intruder, however innocent he might be of any intention of breaking in upon his eloquent complaint. The appearance of his visitor calmed his indignant feelings. He was a youth whose countenance and person shewed that he could not be more than sixteen, but there was a self-possession in his demeanour and a dignity in his physiognomy that belonged to a more advanced age. His figure though not tall was slight; and his countenance, though of wonderful beauty and regularity of feature, was pale as monumental marble; the thick and curling locks of his chesnut hair clustered over his brow and round his fair throat; his cap was drawn far down on his forehead. Cincolo was about to usher him with deference into his humble room, but the youth staid him with his hand, and uttered the words "*Swabia, Cavalieri!*" the words by which the Ghibellines were accustomed to recognize each other. He continued in a low and hurried tone: "Your wife is within?"—"She is."—"Enough; although I am a stranger to you, I come from an old friend. Harbour me until nightfall; we will then go out, and I will explain to you the motives of my intrusion. Call me Ricciardo de Rossini, travelling to Rome. I leave Florence this evening."

Having said these words, without giving Cincolo time to reply, he motioned that they should enter the room. Monna Gegia had fixed her eyes on the door from the moment he had opened it with a look of impatient curiosity; when she saw the youth enter she could not refrain from exclaiming—"Gesu Maria!"—so different was he from any one she had expected to see.—"A friend from Milan," said Cincolo.—"More likely from Lucca," replied his wife, gazing on her visitant:—"You are doubtless one of the banished men, and you are more daring than wise to enter this town: however, if you be not a spy, you are safe with me."—Ricciardo smiled and thanked her in a low, sweet voice:—"If you do not turn me out," he said, "I shall remain under your roof nearly all the time I remain in Florence, and I leave it soon after dusk."

Gegia again gazed on her guest, nor did Cincolo scrutinize him with less curiosity. His black cloth tunic reached below his knees and was confined by a black leather girdle at the waist. He had on trowsers of coarse scarlet stuff, over which were drawn short boots, such as are now seen on the stage only; a cloak of common fox's fur, unlined, hung from his shoulder. But although his dress was thus simple, it was such as was then worn by the young Florentine nobility. At that time the Italians were simple in their private habits: the French army led by Charles d'Anjou into Italy first introduced luxury into the palaces of the Cisalpines. Manfred was a magnificent prince, but it was his saintly rival who was the author of that trifling foppery of dress and ornaments, which degrades a nation, and is a sure precursor of their downfall. But of Ricciardo—his countenance had all the regularity of a Grecian head: and his blue eyes, shaded by very long, dark eyelashes, were soft, yet full of expression: when he looked up, the heavy lids, as it were, unveiled the gentle light beneath, and then again closed over them, as shading what

was too brilliant to behold. His lips expressed the deepest sensibility, and something perhaps of timidity, had not the placid confidence of his demeanour forbidden such an idea. His appearance was extraordinary, for he was young and delicate of frame, while the decision of his manner prevented the feelings of pity from arising in the spectator's mind: you might love him, but he rose above compassion.

His host and hostess were at first silent; but he asked some natural questions about the buildings of their city, and by degrees led them into discourse. When mid-day struck, Ciccolo looked towards his pot of *minestra*, and Riccardo following his look, asked if that was not the dinner. "You must entertain me," he said, "for I have not eaten to-day." A table was drawn near the window, and the *minestra* poured out into one plate was placed in the middle of it, a spoon was given to each, and a jug of wine filled from a barrel. Riccardo looked at the two old people, and seemed somewhat to smile at the idea of eating from the same plate with them; he ate, however, though sparingly, and drank of the wine, though with still greater moderation. Ciccolo, however, under pretence of serving his guest, filled his jug a second time, and was about to rise for the third measure, when Riccardo, placing his small white hand on his arm, said, "Are you a German, my friend, that you cease not after so many draughts? I have heard that your forefathers were a sober people."

Ciccolo was not much pleased with this reproof; but he felt that it was timely; so, concealing the point, he sat down again, and somewhat heated with what he had already drank, he asked his guest the news from Germany, and what hopes for the good cause? Monna Gegia bridled at these words, and Riccardo replied, "Many reports are abroad, and high hopes entertained, especially in the North of Italy, for the success of our expedition. Corradino is arrived at Genoa, and it is hoped that, although the ranks of his army were much thinned by the desertion of his German troops, that they will be quickly filled by Italians, braver and truer than those foreigners, who, strangers to our soil, could not fight for his cause with our ardour."—"And how does he bear himself?"—"As becomes one of the house of Swabia, and the nephew of Manfred. He is inexperienced and young, even to childishness. He is not more than sixteen. His mother would hardly consent to this expedition, but wept with agony at the fear of all he might endure: for he has been bred in a palace, nursed in every luxury, and habituated to all the flattering attentions of courtiers, and the tender care of a woman, who, although she be a princess, has waited on him with the anxious solicitude of a cottager for her infant. But Corradino is of good heart; docile, but courageous; obedient to his wiser friends, gentle to his inferiors, but noble of soul, the spirit of Manfred seems to animate his unfolding mind; and surely, if that glorious prince now enjoys the reward of his surpassing virtues, he looks down with joy and approbation on him who is, I trust, destined to fill his throne."

The enthusiasm with which Riccardo spoke suffused his pale countenance with a slight blush, while his eyes swam in the lustre of the dew that filled them. Monna Gegia was little pleased with his harangue, but curiosity kept her alive, while her husband proceeded to question his guest. "You seem to be well acquainted with Corradino?"—"I saw him at Milan, and was closely connected with his most intimate friend there. As I have said, he has arrived at Genoa, and perhaps has even now landed at Pisa: he will find many friends in that town?" "Every man there will be his friend. But during his journey southward he will have to contend with our Florentine army, commanded by the Marshals of the usurper Charles, and assisted by his troops. Charles himself has left us, and is gone to Naples to prepare for this war. But he is detested there, as a tyrant and a robber, and Corradino

will be received in the Regno as a saviour; so that if he once surmount the obstacles which oppose his entrance, I do not doubt his success, and trust that he will be crowned within a month at Rome, and the week after sit on the throne of his ancestors in Naples."

"And who will crown him?" cried Gegia, unable to contain herself: "Italy contains no heretic base enough to do such a deed, unless it be a Jew; or he send to Constantinople for a Greek, or to Egypt for a Mahometan. Cursed may the race of the Fredericks ever be! Thrice cursed one who has affinity to that miscreant Manfred! And little do you please me, young man, by holding such discourse in my house." Cincolo looked at Ricciardo, as if he feared that so violent a partisan for the house of Swabia would be irritated at his wife's attack; but he was looking on the aged woman with a regard of the most serene benignity; no contempt even was mingled with the gentle smile that played round his lip. "I will restrain myself," he said; and turning to Cincolo, he conversed on more general subjects, describing the various cities of Italy that he had visited; discussing their modes of government, and relating anecdotes concerning their inhabitants, with an air of experience that, contrasted with his youthful appearance, greatly impressed Cincolo, who looked on him at once with admiration and respect. Evening came on. The sound of bells died away after the *Ave Maria* had ceased to ring; but the distant sound of music was wafted to them by the night air, and its quick time indicated that the music was already begun. Ricciardo was about to address Cincolo, when a knocking at the gate interrupted him. It was Buzeccha, the Saracen, a famous chess-player, who was used to parade about under the colonnades of the Duomo, and challenge the young nobles to play; and, sometimes much stress was laid on these games, and the gain and loss became the talk of Florence. Buzeccha was a tall ungainly man, with all that good-natured consequence of manner, which the fame he had acquired by his proficiency in so trifling a science, and the familiarity with which he was permitted to treat those superior to him in rank, who were pleased to measure their forces with him, might well bestow. He was beginning with "Eh, Messere!" when perceiving Ricciardo, he cried, "Who have we here?" "A friend to good men," replied Ricciardo, smiling. "Then, by Mahomet, thou art my friend, my stripling." "Thou shouldest be a Saracen, by thy speech?" said Ricciardo. "And through the help of the Prophet, so am I. One who in Manfred's time——but no more of that. We won't talk of Manfred, eh, Monna Gegia? I am Buzeccha, the chess-player, at your service, Messer le Forestiere."

The introduction thus made, they began to talk of the procession of the day. After a while, Buzeccha introduced his favourite subject of chess-playing; he recounted some wonderfully good strokes he had achieved, and related to Ricciardo how before the *Palagio del Popolo*, in the presence of Count Guido Novello de' Guidi, then *Vicare* of the city, he had played an hour at three chess-boards with three of the best chess-players in Florence, playing two by memory, and one by sight; and out of three games which made the board, he had won two. This account was wound up by a proposal to play with his host. "Thou art a hard-headed fellow, Cincolo, and make better play than the nobles. I would swear that thou thinkest of chess only as thou cobblest thy shoes; every hole of your awl is a square of the board, every stitch a move, and a finished pair, paid for, check mate to your adversary; eh! Cincolo? Bring out the field of battle man." Ricciardo interposed, "I leave Florence in two hours, and before I go, Messer Cincolo promised to conduct me to the *Piazza del Duomo*." "Plenty of time, good youth," cried Buzeccha, arranging his men; "I only claim one game, and my games never last more than a quarter of an hour; and then we will both escort

you, and you shall dance a set into the bargain with a black-eyed Houri, all Nazarene as thou art. So stand out of my light, good youth, and shut the window, if you have heeding, that the torch flame not so."

To be continued.

EXTRACTS FROM MISS HAWKINS'S ANECDOTES.

(Authoress of Rosanne, &c. and daughter of Sir John Hawkins, the friend of Johnson.)

THE most humble dwelling opposite us, had been a laboratory, productive of great annoyance to the neighbourhood. It was, some years before the time I speak of, occupied by Ward, the celebrated inventor of those medicines which bear his name. The nuisance this proved to the inhabitants of Twickenham, obliged the parish to have recourse to law; and the question of nuisance or no nuisance was argued in Westminster Hall. Obliquely opposite to this noisome manufactory, there dwelt a superannuated Admiral, of the name of Fox, who of necessity was called as a witness to the existing evil. It is well known to be a forensic resource in such a business, to disconcert a witness as much as possible, when under cross-examination by the opposite party; and Admiral Fox having been supposed to be not quite in his best fighting-humour when on some important service, he was a little open to this species of attack. He had already declared upon oath that the stench of these works was intolerable; and he was now required to say what this intolerable smell resembled. It is not always easy to hit instantly on a comparison, especially under such intimidation, and the veteran was puzzled;—he could only repeat "Like! like? I don't know what it is like;—it is like the horridest smell I ever smelt." The interrogating barrister seemed now to have got hold of some proposition on which to raise a theory. "Was it like gunpowder, Mr. Admiral?" said he. The whole Court took it;—the laugh went round, and the witness retreated to his place.

At the commencement of the American war, Mr. Grenville, then in power, wishing to know how the quaker-colonists stood affected, sent a message to Dr. Fothergill, intimating that he was indisposed, and desiring to see him in the evening. The doctor came, and his patient immediately entering on the popular topic of American affairs, drew from him the information he wanted. The conversation held through a large portion of the evening, and it was concluded by Mr. Grenville's saying he found himself so much better for the doctor's visit, that he would not trouble him to prescribe. In parting, Mr. Grenville slipt five guineas into the doctor's hand, which Fothergill surveying, said with a dry arch tone, "At *this* rate, friend, I will spare thee an hour now and then."

Another of his anecdotes was this: Dr. Brocklesby, who was perhaps best known as the medical friend of Johnson, was, as the then Duchess of Richmond herself used to relate, sent for to see her woman, who was so ill as to be confined to her bed. In the hall he was met by the Duke's valet, who was the woman's husband, and who was neither by nature or locality so warm a politician as the doctor. Public affairs being then peculiarly critical, they became so interested in debate, that the patient was little thought on as they ascended the stairs, nor did the conversation relax when they reached the sick woman's chamber. In short, they both quitted the room, returned down stairs, and the doctor quitted Richmond house, without either of them being aware that they neither had looked at the patient, or spoken to her, or other.

I remember to have heard it said of Dr. Schomberg, that it was his "case" when consulted at home, to lay two guineas, the one on the other, near him on his table, from whence his patients were to infer that his fee was of that sum.

Of another Dr. Schomberg it is told, that he obtained an English plum pudding at Paris by throwing the recipe of an old cookery book into the form of a prescription, and sending it

to the apothecary to be made up. To prevent all possibility of error, he directed that it should be boiled in a cloth, and sent in the same cloth, to be applied at an hour specified. At this hour it arrived, borne by the apothecary's assistant, and preceded by the apothecary himself, drest, according to the professional formality of the time, with a sword. Seeing when he entered the apartment, instead of signs of sickness, a table well-filled and surrounded by very merry faces, he perceived that he was made a party in a joke that turned on himself, and indignantly laid his hand on his sword; but an invitation to taste his own cookery appeased him, and all was well.....

The Duke of Leeds proves a contributor to this work, of two anecdotes, the first of which he related to the gentleman on whom he designed to practise his whimsical joke;—it was this:—

When Secretary of State, in going home from his office on foot and alone, he was one night attacked on Constitution-hill by two footpads, who having taken his money demanded his watch. It was very valuable, and he had deposited it so securely, that he thought he might venture to deny having one: he did so; and at that moment, and while the men had their hands on him, the watch itself betrayed him by striking. The hour was unfortunately twelve!—he heard it: and, as he said himself, thought it never would cease striking. He gave his life up for gone; but providentially the men did not hear it, and made off with what they had obtained. A strong sense of this wonderful escape remained on the Duke's mind.

The other anecdote the Duke told my father, and it was this:—

The Duchess of Queensberry, of eccentric memory, at an evening assembly at her own house, wanted to get rid of the late Sir George Warren, who was one of the company. Rude hints from such a personage went for nothing:—perhaps they might be misconstrued as favour. To make her meaning perfectly understood, she ordered a servant to bring a broom and follow him, sweeping till the annoyance should be intolerable, and thus she effected her purpose. To have been affronted, or to have shown any resentment, would have been almost to condescend to a level with a person so privileged.

Her Grace of Queensberry, when once thought on, cannot be instantly forgotten. When young and unmarried, Lady Rochester, her mother, had bespoken for her a court-dress; and such a dress being at that time very costly, a piece of a cheaper silk was put into the back part of the petticoat under the train, which so offended the young lady, that she drest herself with the back part of her petticoat in front, to expose her mother's frugality.

Another anecdote of this *bizarre* Duchess was told to my father by the late Colonel St. Paul. The Earl of Clarendon at the time was a Villiers: in consequence of descent from the Hyde family he had been created Earl of Clarendon, at which the Duchess, who was of an elder branch of the Hydes, was so offended, that she exclaimed, "What does this fellow mean by powdering himself with the dust of my ancestors?"

Of Mrs. Gallo, the widow of Dr. Gallo, who held the living of St. Giles' in the fields, the ancestor of Mr. Gally knight, we have some interesting particulars.

Her dress (says our author) I suppose she had never altered from the time of her marriage; and where she found any body to make her clothes, I can hardly imagine. Hating domestic trouble, but disposed to be very exact, her dinners were ordered by a rotation bill of fare;—and she had a measure for all her house linen, such as nobody else had.

"The society at her house is the circumstance which makes me present her to the reader. It was delectable: the time I speak of, was when what were generally called "running visits," where the fashion. As the ambition for the necessity of a large acquaintance increased, they were called "flying visits;" and when that ambition,

or necessity, had increased them so as to render "personal service" impossible, "squib visits," till the matter was wholly given up in despair, and assemblies, large parties, and "at homes," succeeded. The last indeed many persons, even then, adopted, by being at home one evening in a week; but that was inconvenient, as in some families it showed the paucity of connexions, and in others something usually occurred to make going out on that evening desirable. But Mrs. Gallo's was an incessant "at home," and I question whether she ever sat an evening without visitors. On Sunday evenings she had a formidable circle,—it was very attractive, as will be confessed when I state the names of a few whom I remember there:—

Of these circles were Dr. Hurd, before and after he was a bishop. Dr. Kaye, afterwards Sir Richard Kaye and Dean of Lincoln—Dr. Warburton and his lady—Bishop and Mrs. Moss—Bishop Halifax and his amiable lady—Dean Tucker—Sir John Russell—Mr. Palmer, the steward of the Bedford estate—the present and truly venerable Mr. Burton, till lately a Welsh Judge—Dr. Gloster Ridley—and many others whom I have heard Sir J. and Lady H. mention, but of whom I know nothing more.

Of Dr. Hurd it may perhaps not be known to all into whose hands these volumes may come, that, in case Buonaparte had landed in this country it was the intention of our late venerable Sovereign to have removed his family to Hartlebury, the residence, at that time, of Dr. H., as Bishop of Worcester."

Of Bishop Hoadley a note relates the following:—

He had been Bishop of Bangor, and was then translated to Hereford, to the great displeasure of the clergy of that see; who, endeavouring in every way to affront him, gave publicity to a distich,

> "The Lord in his anger
> Sent the Bishop of Bangor,"

and named a dog belonging to some one about the church, "Hoadley." When he was translated to Salisbury, some of those gentlemen being in London, thought fit to pay him a visit of congratulation there. He received them with the utmost politeness and good-humour, and invited them to dine on a future day;—"and pray," added his Lordship, "bring my name-sake with you."

When his son wrote "The Suspicious Husband," and sent it to him, he returned it with nothing more than the remark, that, contrary to the usual practice, he had spelt the word *prophane* with an *f*. My father conceived this to be a mean of avoiding all commendation of a play that had so little of a moral tendency in it.

Of another churchman eminent for polite literature, Miss H. thus writes:

I ought not to conclude my sketch of Dr. Percy, without recording a conversation in which he gave some curious particulars of Shenstone, the waiting poet of the Leasowes, who, as well as the artificial paradise which he created, seems now "well nigh" forgotten. The Bishop said, that in his taste for rural pleasures, he was finical to a ludicrous degree of excess. In the purchase of a cow, he regarded nothing but the spots on her hide; if they were beautiful, all other requisites were disregarded. His man servant, whose office it was to show his grounds, had made a grotto, which Shenstone approved. This was always made the test of his visitors' judgment: if they admired William's grotto, his master thought them worth accompanying in their circuit, and, on a signal from the man, appeared; but if they passed it with little notice, he kept out of their way. The Bishop added, that he had more than once visited Shenstone at the Leasowes, but always thought and found him a man unhappy in his temper.

THE BASHFUL BACHELOR.

Mr. Editor, how am I ever to get married? Where shall I acquire the requisite portion of heroism and effrontery? A shy man married is to me a more stupendous, incomprehen-

sible, unanswerable proof of the power of love, than any other which the history of the world can produce. Hercules with his distaff, Anthony "teaching cowards to run," Cimon's brightened intellect, Orlando's furies, are trifling exhibitions of Cupid's potency, compared with that which he must exercise ere a man of my unhappy constitution is bound in the fetters of Hymen. In the first place how am I to ingratiate myself with any woman—I, who blush when I try to gaze, stammer when I wish to compliment, and whose timid gallantries generally terminate in depositing a cup of coffee in the lady's lap, treading on her delicate little foot, or carrying off with me two or three yards of flounce, when I hasten with nervous precipitation, to execute some trifling command? Sighing is the only duty of an undeclared lover which I should be able to perform; but sighing needs the explanatory accompaniments of admiring glances and tender whispers, or it may be mistaken for the symptoms of a guilty conscience, or a disordered stomach. Solitary, abstract, and unappropriated sighing, is like a love-letter without superscription, or a serenade in the middle of Russell-square—it tells no secret, it pleads no cause, and may be claimed by any one but the right person. Long acquaintance, however, might perhaps interest some kind heart in my favour: I take two years to ask a lady to drink wine, about four ere I presume to offer her my arm when walking out, and at the end of seven I might possibly be prepared to make a tender of a more serious nature, to pass the Rubicon which has terrified many a heart composed of bolder materials than mine. On one point I have taken a decided resolution—I should convey my proposals by letter. Ill would it become me to attempt a personal declaration; I should blush more than the sex who are privileged to blush as much as they can on these occasions, and should extinguish any glimmering partiality by appearing ridiculous. Ridicule is the most bitter enemy of love: they never meet without a death-blow being given to one of the parties. Blame a man's morals, principles, or temper, and woman loves on with amiable constancy;—laugh at the shape of his nose, or his manner of making a bow, discover in him something of a *quiz*, and strong indeed is the affection which does not cool.

A brother of mine (shyness is a family distemper) lost a wife by venturing on the rash measure of a *viva voce* offer. He was walking up a fine mountain in Westmoreland with a lady whom he much admired, and whose manners had been far from discouraging. The evening was remarkably beautiful, the views were enchanting, outward circumstances gave a sudden impetus to his passion, an unnatural boldness came upon him, and he dashed into a declaration of love. But, alas! too soon the deceitful inspiration failed, his own nature resumed its ascendancy, he stammered forth his vows in broken and unintelligible murmurs, and, covered with confusion, was unobservant of his mountain path, and fell down twice before he had completed his offer. At the first slip the lady blushed on, and maintained her gravity—my brother shook the dust from his clothes, and did not despair;—the second time, his hat fell off, and was carried away by the wind, he was obliged to run in pursuit of it: the shrill notes of female laughter were borne after him on the breeze; they sounded in his ears the knell of all his tender hopes. Too truly he guessed his fate: on his return, breathless as he was, he attempted to renew the interesting subject; but the lady was no longer blushing or confused, a smile was yet lurking on her lips, and he was civilly rejected.

Let the offer, however, be made; let the word be spoken to which the Chinese proverb may be applied with peculiar truth, "a word once let fall cannot be called back by a chariot and six horses;" let it be favourably received, and flirtation changed into courtship, still the most fearful part of the affair is yet to come. If I might

at once bear my bride away, take but one step from my proposals to my nuptials, all would be comparatively easy. During the wedding ceremony, observation is monopolised by the lady—her looks, her words, her dress, her flutterings, are watched by every eye; and the bridegroom, without the appendages of white satin, a lace veil, tears, or a smelling bottle, has little to attract attention, and if he does but speak the responses intelligibly, and put the ring on the proper finger, may slip through the most important act of his life with little notice or distinction. But there is an awful interval (which the lady loves to lengthen) between the acceptance and matrimony; and the more I consider my own character and capabilities, the more I feel convinced that I could not possibly pass the ordeal of courtship without tolerable credit and respectability. Reflect on the labours, and assiduity, the paroxysms, the exhaustings of the noviciate which precede our entrance into those gates, which bear not the accommodating inscription of "si delectat mamas, si laedet abeas." I had begun to think of marriage, but a few weeks passed in the same house with an engaged couple, convinced me that however the temple of Hymen may be when you are fairly within it, its approaches are infinitely too difficult for a bashful man. Surely when the Moravians teach their disciples to hold themselves in submissive readiness for these three persons services, "a journey, death, and matrimony," it is of the previous preparations for the latter that they more especially think. An engaged lover is an object of general curiosity and observation; let him creep through life ever so snugly at other times, during courtship he is watched, stared at, and criticised, he becomes the hero of his own little world, the mark for "quips, and sentences, and paper bullets of the brain." Yet how easily and triumphantly do some men carry themselves through this period of notoriety and ostentation. "Non equidem invideo, miror magis." I would indeed forbid the most approved examples to the exertion of my powers, nor convince the lady of my affection, by every demonstration of love that could reasonably be expected of a shy man. I would make no objection to whispering my admiration of every thing she said, or did, or wrote, or wore. I would listen patient and pleased, if she chose to murder some of Mozart's sweetest songs; I would gaze with approval on her drawings, though her trees were like furze bushes, and her castles tumbling down; I would prefer yellow to blue, or Moore to Milton, at her bidding; read a library of romances at her desire, and spend hours in writing out quadrilles, charades, or sonnets to please her. I would pretend to be terrified if she complained of a head-ach, and propose to send for a physician if she coughed. The other duties of a lover I would gladly commute for extra attentions as a husband. But, alas! no commutation, no compromise is permitted. If the bride herself be disposed to levity, and inclined to be merciful in her exactions, these amiable weaknesses are checked by the raillery and reproaches of her young female friends, who always look about a woman in the eve of marriage, and form themselves into a committee of observation on the lover, as if to watch that no courtship dues are left unpaid. If he be remiss, they reproach him for his negligence; if ardent and devoted, they rally him on the violence of his passion. I would rather be reprimanded by the Speaker of the House of Commons, than exposed to these girlish gibes and jests. I think I hear now those voluble tongues, that capricious flow of ridicule, that easy pertness, those mingling peals of laughter, which have occasionally covered me with confusion. The broad stream of bantering has been too often poured over the shrinking head, by those careless light hearted creatures, who, unaware of the agony they inflict, unmindful of time, place, or circumstances, unobservant of character,

exemplify the fable of the Boys and the Frogs, and half roast a bashful man to death.

One of the duties of a lover is that of staring: he ought several times a day to fix his eyes on his fair one's countenance, and look at her steadily for two or three minutes, or as much longer as he can bear it, concluding the ceremony by heaving a deep sigh. The lady sits very patiently under the operation, knowing it to be an established part of matrimonial courtship, and the rest of the company wink, and smile, and seem much edified and pleased with the apparent abstraction of the gentleman. Now I never since I was was born looked steadily at any one for more than half a quarter of a minute, and I should *stare* with the same confusion of face as if I were being *stared at*.

Another misery of courtship is the bustle that ensues when the lover enters the room which contains his mistress. Instead of allowing him quietly and gradually to creep towards her, there is always some officious matron, or smiling damsel (one of the committee of inspection, who endeavours to effect an immediate approximation. A general bustle commences; whispers and winks fly round the circle; friends, informed of the necessity of the case, make excuses for moving; strangers are deluded into warm corners, or hurried with affected anxiety from some dangerous draught of air: every one seems of opinion that the most fatal consequences might ensue should the betrothed parties be placed otherwise than in juxta-position. The gentleman is ushered into the enviable seat amidst a host of gazers and simperers; and some witty person is sure to utter in an audible whisper, "Well, now, Mr. ——, you are happy, I suppose." Ye gods, no one would ever make such a speech to me under such circumstances; no one would be tempted to mistake the expression of my countenance for happiness; all the demons of annoyance and confusion would dwell upon my crimson brow. Then, again, I should be paraded to balls and parties in the interesting character of bridegroom elect, and should be expected to act the part of turtle dove for the amusement of the company. I should be watched when I approached my intended, as if it were not unlikely that I might suddenly throw myself at her feet, as if I could not put on her shawl without vowing eternal attachment, or offer her refreshments without entreating her to name the happy day. I must parade up and down the room with her in close and earnest conversation, bend every three seconds to look into her eyes, throw a mysterious air into my whole demeanour, whisper my most trivial remarks, and look amorous from the topmost curl of my hair to my very shoe-tie. As it is said, the character of a fine statue may be discovered by the most minute fragment, that the Majesty of Juno resides in her great toe, and the grace of Venus sports on the tip of her ear: so it is supposed that a lover is all over love, and that he cannot talk to his beloved on any subject without infusing into it an amorous spirit. Flames ought to breathe forth amidst a dissertation on the Congress at Verona; Cupid should sit astride on the bonassus, or walk hand in hand with the mermaid in Chancery. It is surprising to me that lovers, like other common-place sights, do not sink into a comfortable insignificance, without being exposed to any observing eyes, except those of girls and boys under fifteen. But single persons continue to take the most careful observations of all such approaching conjunctions, anxious, I suppose, to provide themselves with authorities and precedents for their own future direction; and even old married people are curious to see if the fashion has changed since their days of cooing and courting. In short, it would be as absurd in me to offer to dance a minuet, sing a solo, or make a speech at a public dinner, as to expect to carry myself through the office of lover with propriety or success. My mistress would quarrel with me in a

week. Yet could I but slip through the labours of courtship, in matrimony I should certainly find an ample reward for all my previous sufferings. A shy man is of all others the best calculated for married life. He will love with more than ordinary fervour the only woman in whose presence he feels himself perfectly at ease; and that fireside where he may enjoy conversation without company, will be dearer to him than any other place in the world. There are also minor advantages of married life to which I am far from insensible. When I did go into Society I should have a companion who would enter a room before me, receive the broad flash of observation, — the first salutations. How comfortably should I walk about with my wife on my arm, and gain part of the credit of her lively chat and easy address! When paying morning visits, too, how often should I bless myself for being a husband! My wife would make the movement for departure, take that most difficult step on which I have often meditated for half an hour without success, have sat and sat till I was asked to stay dinner, and then risen precipitately, and made an awkward retreat. But, alas! the old proverb about "a faint heart" will I fear be exemplified by my fate. Deep and desperate indeed must be the love which can change me into "a suitor bold." All nature cannot produce an instance of so complete a transformation. The little creeping caterpillar, shrouding itself among the dust of the earth, is not so dissimilar from the gay butterfly, that delights to sport among flowers and sunshine, as a bold gallant lover, proud of his affection, urgent in his suit, triumphant under observation, is unlike the unfortunate *bashful bachelor* who now addresses you. B.

LITHOGRAPHY; OR THE ART OF PRINTING FROM STONE.

This novel process was invented by a performer of the Opera-house in Vienna; and it has now arrived at such perfection throughout Europe as to be found pre-eminently useful in the multiplication of copies, or facsimiles of manuscripts, drawings, &c. All kinds of close calcareous stone of an even and fine grain, which are capable of taking a good polish with pumice-stone, and having the quality of absorbing water, may be used for lithography.

Ink.—To compose the ink, heat a glazed earthen vessel over the fire: when it is hot, introduce one part by weight, of white Marseilles soap, and as much mastic in grains; melt these ingredients and mix them carefully; then incorporate five parts by weight of shell lac, and continue to stir it: to mix the whole, drop in by degrees a solution of one part of caustic alkali in five times its bulk of water. Make this addition with caution; because, if the ley is added all at once, the liquor would froth up and run over the edges of the vessel.

When the mixture of these substances is accomplished by a moderate heat and frequent stirring, a necessary quantity of lamp-black is to be added; and immediately after put in a sufficient quantity of water to make the ink liquid and proper for writing.

Drawing.—This ink is used to draw on the stone in the same manner as on paper, either with a pen or pencil: when the drawing on the stone is quite dry, and an impression is desired the surface of the stone is wetted with a solution of nitric acid, in the proportion of fifty to one of water; this must be done with a soft sponge, taking care not to make a friction on the drawing.

The wetting must be repeated as soon as the stone appears dry; it makes an effervescence, and when that ceases the stone is to be carefully and gently rinced with clean water.

Printing.—While the stone is still moist, it should be passed over with the printer's ball charged with ink, which will only adhere to those parts which are not wetted. A sheet of paper properly prepared for printing

is then spread on the stone, and the whole submitted to the press, or passed through a roller.

To preserve the drawing on the stone from dust, if not in immediate use, a solution of gum arabic is passed over it, which can be removed by a little water when the stone is wanted again.

Instead of ink, they sometimes make use of chalk crayons for drawing upon the stone or upon paper, from which a counter-proof is taken upon the stone. The crayons are made in the following manner.

Three parts of soap, two parts of tallow, and one part of wax, are all dissolved together in an earthen vessel. When all is well mixed, a sufficient portion of lamp-black, called Frankfort black, will give it an intense colour: the mixture is poured into moulds, where it must remain till quite cold, when it will become consistent, and proper to be used as chalk pencils.

These effects, produced by tracing or drawing on the stone with a greasy or resinous substance, are the simple results of affinities of which there are three causes:—

1. The facility with which this compact calcareous stones imbibes moisture, without its receiving it in too great a degree.

2. The penetrating power, or rather the strong adherence of greasy or resinous bodies to these stones.

3. The affinity of resins and grease for all bodies of the same nature, and the antipathy of these substances to water and all moist bodies.

From these three principles arise the same number of consequences:

First, a stone made with pencil or greasy ink on the stone will adhere so strongly thereto, as to require some mechanical means to remove it.

Second, all parts of the stone, that are not covered by a coat of grease, will receive, absorb, and retain water.

Third, if a layer of coloured greasy substance, be passed over the stone thus prepared, it will only adhere to those lines formed by the greasy ink, whilst it will be rejected by those parts that are moistened with water only.

In a word, the lithographical process depends on these two points, that the stone saturated with water should resist the ink; and that this same stone, oiled or greased, should resist the water and take up the ink; thus, by applying and pressing a sheet of paper on the stone, the greasy and resinous coloured lines will alone be transmitted on the paper, shewing a counter-proof impression of that which is drawn on the stone. For this purpose the stone must first be rendered capable of imbibing water, and at the same time of receiving with facility all greasy or resinous bodies.

The former object can be effected by an acid which will corrode the stone, and take off its fine polish, and make it capable of receiving the water.

Any greasy substance is capable of giving an impression upon stone, whether the lines be made with a pencil or with greasy ink; or otherwise the ground of a drawing may be covered with a black greasy mixture, leaving the lines in white.

FRENCH CUSTOMS.

Mr. Editor,

As every one in the present day, generally speaking, either talks, writes, reads, or reads of France, a few additional remarks may meet with a more ready excuse and excite greater attention, than the oft-beaten track of a continued description of that country.

France may be compared to the sponge said to be used by foreign gardeners, which being placed in particular positions contiguous to plants, draws the sprouts that issue from them in that direction, and by that means determines the future shape and form of them. In what direction but that of France do groups of every class, possessing the means of supporting the expenses attending the absence from home, bend their steps? What particular bend or appearance do the returning parties exhibit?—An inveterate turn for frivolity and manners

diametrically opposed to our's,—an appearance of masqueraders returning from an evening's amusement, with their mottled garbs still on, and as if the *divertissement* afforded them had been too short, they had entered into a mutual agreement to support the assumed characters of their choice for some time longer. On divesting themselves at length of these amusing habiliments, and returning again to honest, healthy, virtuous John Bull (*John Bull! oh! ce nom barbare!*) recreations, they fall a prey to ennui, and sigh for the promenades round the gardens of the *Thuilleries*, or solitary rambles in the *Bois de Boulogne*.

The most natural conclusion to be drawn from this *envie de visiter la capitale* is, that the English are there caressed and respected,—but this is not always the case; as a kind of exception allow me to mention a fact;—a short, middle-aged lady, on her returning unprotected from the market near her lodgings, was actually whipped in the streets of the metropolis by a young man, who set off with his two companions, exulting in the acuity displayed in rightly serving out of those "*vilen Anglaises*."

The living in France is now very little, if at all, cheaper than in England. An excuse for a long residence there, on the ground of economy, will meet with no believers among those at all acquainted with that country. Were this the case, we might expect absentees would return, after an absence of a few years, with recruited fortunes, to join their former establishments on respectable footings. Latterly females seem to have *lived away* in every sense of the word. An observation has somewhere been made, that if a person neglects his dress and, grows slimzy, it may be imagined, with a great degree of probability, that a visit to Paris is meditated.

Duels between the young men of the different nations, arising from insults offered in the first instance by the French, are of constant occurrence; and with this pleasant prospect to the English party, that he must be shot himself, or if fortunate enough to hit his adversary, successive affronts are resorted to for the purpose of producing another quarrel.

It has hitherto been the general opinion, that convents are the most proper places for young women; but since the singular conversion, and strange forget of filial duty, on the part of Miss Loveday, this system of education cause apprehensions lest the pupil should possess insufficient strength of faith to withstand the insidious and reiterated attacks made by all around to undermine it. But probably the rigid bigotry of the convents is not to be so much dreaded as the contempt of religious duties so prevalent in the present day. This, together with the revolutionary principles early instilled into the minds of young men, must make them unfit models for imitation in the eyes of English parents.

Incalculable injury is often done to the education of the younger branches of a family by a sojourn in France, while the elder brothers are learning the languages. The whole, perhaps, attain a few expressions, shrugs, and other peculiarities of the natives, return to their own country, lose their French and remain in a state bordering upon ignorance. How often do we see a family just returned, after an absence of five or six years;—the eldest daughter sings and dances *amerveille*, the son perhaps fences, acquires a taste for intrigue (not always confined to the male branches only), knows wine to be either *de cinq ou six feuilles*, and, in short, is every thing but what an Englishman ought to be?

French politeness meets with ample remuneration for its attention to the English by the sums spent in that country. The public places, shops, and coffee-houses are filled with them. Before returning home it is usual to take in a stock of clothing sufficient for an East India voyage, to the ruin of our tradesmen and *fesseuses de male*. The caricature shops abound with John Bull in every shape and appearance that any and ridicule can describe

him: Englishmen entering France lean and emaciated, and quitting it so fat from having stuffed with their *patisserie*, as to be obliged to wheel their paunch before them in a favourite print held in derision against our well seeking countrymen.

The French clergy are very numerous, and are generally chosen from the lower classes of tradesmen. Though frequently possessing great accomplishments they are not the best informed men. If poor living would insure them an escape from the horrors of purgatory a great number of the unbeneficed *Abbés* need be under no apprehensions. A thin soup constitutes their usual fare; more substantial food seldom finds a place at their tables, till they begin to rise in the church, whatever exaggerated account of their being all *bons vivans* may induce us to believe.

Most of the public edifices in the departments evince lamentable proofs of the fury of the revolutionists, being the greater part either in ruins or scarcely tenantable.

The English farmer looks on the husbandry as inferior to his own—as indeed it is, though fast improving. The farm houses have not such an appearance of neatness and rural content as here, while the yeomanry cannot be said to rank with that respectable class at home, who now so sensibly feel the absence of so many gentlemen and landholders.

A visit to Paris with intent to "catch the manners as they fly" is agreeable and useful; but to settle their place of abode in France—to draw their friends, whereby they support an expensive establishment, from property in England, without contributing towards taxes, &c. is certainly wrong and anti-British.

ON THE CHOICE OF PROFESSIONS FOR CHILDREN.

The difficulty of discerning the aptitude of a youth for any particular destination in life will, perhaps, even for the most skilful parent, be always hazardous. Many will be inclined, in despair of any thing better, to throw dice with fortune; or adopt the determination of the father who settled his sons by a whimsical analogy which he appears to have formed of their dispositions or aptness for different pursuits:—The boys were standing under a hedge in the rain, and a neighbour reported to the father the conversation he had overheard. John wished it would rain books, for he wished to be a preacher; Bezaleel, wool, to be a clothier, like his father; Samuel, money, to be a merchant; and Edmund, plums, to be a grocer. The father took these wishes as a hint; and we are told, in the life of John Angier, the elder son, a puritan minister, that he chose for them these different callings, in which it appears that they settled successfully. "Whatever a young man at first applies himself to is commonly his delight afterwards." This is an important principle discovered by Hartley, but it will not supply the parent with any determinate regulation how to distinguish a transient from a permanent disposition; or how to get at what we may call the connatural qualities of the mind. A particular opportunity afforded me some close observation on the characters and habits of two youths, brothers in blood and affection, and partners in all things, who even to their very dress shewed alike; who were never separated from each other; who were taught by the same masters, lived under the same roof, and were accustomed to the same uninterrupted habits; yet had nature created them totally distinct in the qualities of their minds; and similar as their lives had been, their abilities were adapted for very opposite pursuits: either of them could not have been the other. And I observed how the "predisposition" of the parties was distinctly marked from childhood: the one slow, penetrating, and correct; the other quick, irritable, and fanciful: the one persevering in examination; the other rapid to results: the one inexhausted

by labour; the other impatient of whatever did not relate to his own pursuits; the one logical, historical, and critical; the other having acquired nothing, decided on all things by his own sensations. We would confidently consult in the one a great legal character, and in the other an artist of genius. If nature had not secretly placed a bias in their distinct minds, how could two similar beings have been so dissimilar?

A story recorded of Cecco d'Ascoli and of Dante, on the subject of natural and acquired genius, may illustrate the present topic. Cecco maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove his principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Cecco desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose; when Dante's cat was performing its part, Cecco, lifting up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice, the creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted; and it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained his cause!

To tell stories, however, is not to lay down principles, yet principles may sometimes be concealed in stories.

VARIETIES.

The Marquis Wellesley.—When the present Marquis succeeded his father in the title of Earl of Mornington, he found that he had died in debt to the amount of several thousands of pounds; and although the jointure estate was small, and he was not legally responsible for any of these debts, yet he determined to discharge the whole, which, by living a few years with the most rigid economy, he was enabled to do. Among the creditors of the deceased Earl was one who applied for the payment of £50. The young Lord, upon examination, found that it had been transferred by a poor old man, to whom it was originally due, to the present possessor, for the small sum of £30. "I will deal justly with you," said his Lordship, "but I will do no more; here is the £50 you paid for the bond, and legal interest for the time it has been in your possession." The holder, knowing that he could not strictly claim a shilling, was content with not losing anything. But the Noble Lord, who thus gave an early proof of that honour and integrity which he has since so largely displayed in offices of the highest trust, did not stop here: he inquired out the original holder of the bond, finding him poor, paid him the whole sum, with the arrear of interest.

Progress of Age.—A late Professor of Medicine observed—"When the body has attained its full growth and strength, it does not immediately decline, but remains in a state of nearly equal vigour till between forty and fifty years of age. At this period, it begins insensibly to lose its activity, and receives a consequent disposition to remain more at rest. Various circumstances now announce the approach of age. All the actions are more slowly performed, and done with great caution—an indifference of viewing scenes which formerly delighted us. The trifling talk of the youth of both sexes is avoided, or at least not so much enjoyed; and the company of old men is more appreciated. A contemplation that the fabric is gradually preparing itself, and making slow but sure advances towards a resolution into *first* principles, harmonizes the passions, and closes the scene by a wished for euthanasy."

Frog Market at Brussels.—In a line hard by the green and fruit stalls, we fell in with the Frog-market, which was a novelty to us. The animals are brought alive in pails and

cans, and are sold by tale.—The frog-women are arranged on forms, like the oyster-women in the Edinburgh fish-market, and, like them, they prepare the article for the purchaser on the spot: as the oyster woman dexterously opens the shell with her *gully*, the frog woman shows no less adroitness, although more barbarity in the exercise of her scissors: with these she clips off the hind limbs (being the only parts used,) flaying them at the same time with great rapidity, and sticking them on wooden skewers. Many hundreds of the bodies of the frogs, thus cruelly mangled, were crawling in the kennell or lying in heaps, till they should be carried off in the dust cart.—*Horticultural Tour.*

POETRY.

EVENING.

From Pearce's "Royal."

'Tis eventide—the downward sloping sun,
Like a young parting lover bound to cross
Oceans untried, and visit isles remote,
From his bright throne upon the landscape casts
The softened smile of fondness.—Lingering still
On his accustom'd steep, as if regret
To leave the world to midnight's cold embrace,
Retarded his departure; while the flowers
Put forth their sweetest fragrance, and the birds
With wild notes make the grove and valley ring,
To tempt his longer stay—but all in vain.
He must not tarry—his last yellow beams
Give to the waving tresses of the woods,
And the brown mountain's brow, a fare-well kiss;
Half his red orb is in a crimson cloud
immerged, and now half sun's below the ridge
Of those blue hills that drink his latest ray—
Along the ready margin of the lake,
Down the deep torrent-haunted glen, and where
The rustling forest skirts the mountain base,
A plaintive sound is heard—for he is gone!—
It is the sigh, the melancholy sigh
That Nature breathes at parting with her Lord!
Murmur along the waters to the rocks,
The rocks to the soft sobbing winds return
The querulous lament—and with it comes
The wail melodious of the mountain flocks,
The mournful low of herds, as if they grieved
At those sweet balmy tears which Nature sheds.
Yet though, bright god of day, thou art gone down
Beneath the western waves, thy upward beams
Thou flingst aloft to paint the glowing skies
With gorgeous colouring and romantic scenes
Of pillared halls magnificent, war tower
And stately temple, jasper sea and isles,
All beautiful, with gold-tinged mountain steep,
And 'mid Elysian rose-vales gushing fount
In silver streams o'erleaping emerald rocks,

As if they were remembrances of love
Sent back to soothe the world till thy return;
But soon with dusky wing the envious eve
In very spite, will from the radiant west
Sweep its bright imagery. And now the notes
Of woodland choristers to silence sink
Save where the blackbird with his wizard pipe
Warbles a vesper hymn; not the soft strains
Of bridal anthem from some Moslem tower,
Floating upon the downy plumes of night,
O'er star-light seas of Greece, so sweetly sound
As the wild simple lullaby that soothes
His brooding mate to sleep.—Pleasant the hour
Of dim-eyed twilight, rich her balmy breath,
And sweet the music of the west wind's song,
Idling amid the woods; where fancy hears
Airs of Æolian harp from every tree,
While through their mossy leafage brightly gleam
The day's last lingering glories.

THE GREEK TO HIS SWORD.

From the Romaic.

Now forth I draw thee, glittering blade,
Thy scabbard thus I cast away;
And we shall pass on undismay'd,
Though foes should thicken like a shade
Around our path, on battle day!

Too long in scabbard hast thou lain
Unused, amid Oppression's gloom;
When thraldom round us wove her chain—
When suffering mercy pled in vain;
And hope was none—save in the tomb.

Now forth, my sword! oh, better far
To fight, to fall in Freedom's cause,
Than crouch before Oppression's car,
And, sickening at the thought of war,
With trembling brook a tyrant's laws

Too long beneath our native skies,
Hath tyranny her flag unroll'd;
"Forth, forth!" the voice of Nature cries,
"And o'er the necks of your own foes,
"As did your patriot sires of old."

The warrior's hand hath never toil'd
In nobler cause than ours, before;
Nor shall our patriot's hopes be foil'd,
For prosperous Fate hath ever smiled
On such, as dared themselves restore.

'Tis not in foreign hearts, and hands,
To plead our cause and fight our fields;
Our hope is in our native brands,
'Tis Duty's iron voice commands,
And cursed be every son that yields

Shades of the Helots, round us rise,
Point out the steps in glory's path!
Point out our island's—seas—and skies!
Point out our Greece, and bid us rise
Above the abject fear of death!

There is a voice which cheers us on—
Life dragged in chains is worthless dross;
Say, shall we turn from Danger's frown?
No! with the Turkish crescent down
Exalt on high the blessed cross!

On—on, to danger—let us on;
And oh, my country! if we be
By Tyrant's vaunting hosts o'erthrown,
Yet Honour falls to us alone,
Who, spurning fetters dared be free!

Too long hath storm, and tempest cloud,
O'ershadowed earth, and veil'd our skies;
Now hill calls out to hill aloud—
Of Darkness burst the envious shroud,
And let the sun of Hope arise!

The spirits on the mountain hoar
The spirits answering from the glen
From ruined wall and sepulchre,
From heaven and earth a voice we hear,
"Awake! arise! once more be men!"

On—on, my true and trusty brand,
To fields and foemen let us on;
And let us from our native land
Sweep, one by one, each turban'd band,
Who pluck the vine-trees not their own!

On—on, my blade nor let us turn,
Though blood rain round in purple showers;
May every heart for glory burn;
At chains and flight alike we spurn;—
Let Freedom or the Grave be ours!